NANCY WYNNE TALKS ABOUT KIDDIES' SEWING CLASSES

Mrs. Richard Norris Organizer of Group Which Meets Twice Each Week in Cape May to Sew for Red Cross

FIRED by the example of her elders, Suster Susie's small sister sews for soldiers and twice weekly at the home of Mrs. Richard Norris, who organized the class, these energetic little misses meet and make, not shirts, but equally useful hospital socks and pajamas and covers for hot-water bags. The socks are the funniest looking things imaginable, huge shapeless affairs of canton fiannel, which look for all the world like the stockings bought at Christmas timeespecially to hang in the chimney place to catch the goodles bestowed by Saint Nick. It seems really fine that the younger generation should be willing to give up some of its time for the serious side of life, but in that way the present war is undoubtedly benefiting those on

this side of the water. Mrs. Norris's sister, Mrs. Charles Kerrick, is, visiting her, by the way. You will remember she was Placid Vogt before her marriage to Lieutenant Charles Kerrick, U. S. N., which took place at her sister's cottage in Cape May last

You must not think the children's play time is forgotten, for, although they are barred from the "movies" and other places of amusement, they have many larks planned by thoughtful elders.

Mrs. Gilbert Harvey, who is always completely surrounded by a group of attractive kiddles, has planned to give a beach party late tomorrow afternoon for them, and, although they carefully guard the secret. I am told there will be a thrilling time. Among those who have been myited are Adelaide and Lucy Jefferys. the small daughters of Dr. and Mrs. William Jefferys; Helen Norris, the young daughter of Mr. Pinckney Norris; Polly Taylor, the Hollinshead Taylors' daughter: Evelyn Martin, Mrs. Carl Martin's little girl; Lorna Brown, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Clarence Brown; Nancy Gwynne, daughter of Mrs. Clifford Gwynne, and Jane and Joe Murtagh. children of Mr. and Mrs. J. C. Murtagh.

Mrs. Robert W. Daniel and her small son, Master Philip Smith, 2d, who have been visiting relations in Huntington, W. Va., for the last three months, have returned to Rosemont. Mrs. Daniel went to New York on Saturday to meet Mr. Daniel, who returned from a six weeks' trip to London. This recalls the romance of Mr. and Mrs. Daniel, who are survivors of the Titanic. Mrs. Daniel was Mrs. Lucian Philip Smith, and was returning on the ill-fated steamship from her honeymoon. Mr. Smith was among the lost, and Mr. Daniel, who rowed the boat in which was his future wife, looked after the women and children in his charge. Two years later, while Mrs. Daniel was visiting Mrs. E. Waring Wilson, of Rosemont, they met again and were married that same week. Mr. Daniel is a brother of Mr. Channing W. Daniel, whose marriage to Miss Katharine Verner, of Wayne, is to take place in November. NANCY WYNNE.

Personals

Mrs. Leonard Thomas, who has returned to Bar Harbor after spending several days in Newport, gave a dinner of 16 covers at her summer home last night.

Miss Gertrude S. Heckscher, who has been the guest of Mrs. Edwards Spencer at Lenox, Mass, has gone to Stockbridge to visit M'ss Josephine de Gersdorff and Miss Alma d . Gersdorff.

Mr. and Mrs. Curtis Clay, accompanied by their children, are spending the re-mainder of the season at Cape May. Mr. Clay spent the month of July at the Military Training Camp at Plattsburg. Mrs. Francis Macomb Cresson is spending several days as the guest of her sister,

Miss Mary W. Schott, of 1906 South Rittenhouse square, who is spending several weeks in the Poconos, will return to town the first week in September.

Mr. and Mrs. J. Vaughan Merrick, of Denbigh, Roxborough, returned on Saturday from a short yachting trip, after spending several weeks with Mr. and Mrs. Samuel Vaughan Merrick, of Germantown, at Prout's Neck, Me.

The marriage of Miss Katinka M. Dan-henberg and Dr. Sidney L. Olsho will be belemnized at the Rittenhouse on Monday. September 11, at noon. Only the immediate members of the families will be present. The ceremony will be performed by the Rev. Dr. Joseph J. Krauskopf, After & short trip Doctor Olsho and his bride will live at Fifteenth and Locust streets.

Mrs. Frederick Kennedy, of Germantown, who is spending this month at the Stockton Villa, Cape May, has gone with Mr. Kennedy to visit friends in Morristown, N. J., for several days.

Along the Main Line OVERBROOK-Miss Florence Kieffer will cave shortly for Stoddartsville, where she

will be the guest of Miss Helen Stull for mercial days.

MERION—Miss Deborah Seal, who is spending the summer at Pocono Manor Inn. is entertaining Miss Mildred Willard, of Haziehurst avenue, as her guest.

WYNNEWOOD-Miss Margaret Eleanor Rushton, of Lancaster avenue, who has been visiting in Ocean City, N. J., has joined her mother, Mrs. Kenneth Rushton, at Cape May for a fortnight's stay.

BRYN MAWR-Mrs. Charles M. Levis and her daughter, Miss Christing Ziebarth, of Lancaster avenue, who spent a fortnight in Cape May, have returned home.

Chestnut Hill Mrs. Henry Wharton and her sons, Mr. Henry Wharton, Jr., Mr. Thomas Wharton and Mr. Bayard Wharton, of 8823 Germantown avenue, who are spending the summer at their cottage in Saunderstown, R. I., will irn home the end of September. Mr. Wharton is traveling through Europe.

Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin A. Brooks and their family, of Wyndmoor avenue, will leave early in September to spend several weeks in Ocean City, N. J.,

Germantown

Mrs. Carl Williams, of Greene street and School House lane, motored to Cape May

Mr. and Mrs. William R. Sutch, of 314 West Duval street, accompanied by Miss Inhiel Bedford, left on Friday for a motor tip.

Mrs. A. P. Stockwell and her little daughter, of 216 West Hortter street, have returned from Orr's Island, Casco Bay, he, where they spent a month.

Wiends of Mr. and Mrs. Charles C. Heyl,

that Mrs. Heyl is convalescent at the Germantown Hospital, where she has been for the last month, after having suddenly been taken ill while out of town.

Mr. Earl S. Edwards, of 321 West Carpenter street, has returned from a motor trip to the Pocono Mountains.

Weddings

GREGORY-MILLER. The marriage of Miss Florence Miller, daughter of Mr. and Mrs. William Miller, of 47 East Phil-Ellena street, Germantown, of 47 East Phil-Ellena street, Germantown, and Mr. Clarence Gregory will take place this evening at 8 o'clock in the Old Church of the Brethren, on Germantown avenue. The Rev. M. C. Sweigart will perform the ceremony. Miss Miller will wear a gown of fine white net, heavily embroidered, over white satin, with a court train. Her tulle vell will be fastened with a wreath of white rosebuds and Bride roses, and illies of the valley will form the bridal bouquet. Miss Edna Lewis, of North Wales, Pa., who will attend the bride as maid of honor. who will attend the bride as maid of honor, will wear an accordion-plaited white net frock, edged with pink satin, with a French girdle of pink satin, and will carry pink

Little Miss Muriel Hackman will be the flower girl. She will wear a white lingerie dress and will carry a basket of pink-and-blue flowers. Mr. Herbert Feist will act as best man.

as best man.

The ushers will be Mr. George Robinson and Mr. William Feist. A reception for the two families at the home of the bride's parents will follow the ceremony. The church will be decorated with palms, while pink and white flowers will be used at the house. After a wedding journey, Mr. and Mrs. Miller will be at home after October 1 at 6732 Chew street, Germantown.

LYONS-DE LA TOUR.

LYONS—DE LA TOUR.

A quiet wedding took place this morning at 9 o'clock in St. Vincent's Church. Germantown, when Miss Sue de la Tour, daughter of Mr. Charles Thomas de la Tour, became the bride of Mr. Eugene L. Lyons. A nuptial mass was celebrated by the Rev. R. A. Lennon.

The bride wore a dark blue coat suit, with a white hat and a corsage bouquet of white rosebuds. Miss Rose Lyons, a sister of the bridegroom, was maid of honor. Mr. Thomas de la Tour, brother of the bride, acted as best man. A wedding breakfast at the home of the bride's sister, Mrs. Martin A. Geary, 5630 Morton street, followed the ceremony, after which Mr. Mrs. Martin A. Geary, 5630 Morton street, followed the ceremony, after which Mr. and Mrs. Lyons left on a wedding journey. They will be at home after September 1 at 69 East Duval street, Germantown.

Along the Reading

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Smith Kelly, of Whitemarsh, have left for Gibraliar, Putin-Bay, O., where they will be the guests of Mr. and Mrs. Charles D. Barney at their summer home for the remainder of the sum-

Mr. and Mrs. Wilfred C. Stoddard and their small son, Master John Stoddard, of Woodland avenue, Wyncote, are spending

Mr. George Kent, who has been in London for the last year, salled last week on the Nieuw Amsterdam for New York. He is expected to arrive shortly and will visit his parents, Mr. and Mrs. William Kent, at their home on Bent road, Wyncote, during his stay in this country.

West Philadelphia

Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Roberts, of 4238 Mr. and Mrs. Howard S. Roberts, of 4238 Spruce street, are motoring through New England. Miss Helen Roberts is the guest of Miss Gladys McCarthy and her father, Mr. John K. McCarthy, at Rangeley Lakes, Me., for several weeks.

Miss Edith Godfrey, of Hamilton Court, s spending several weeks at Chelsea.

Miss May Walsh, of 6253 Arch street, has returned home after having spent three weeks with relatives in St. Clair, Shenandoah and Hazleton.

Miss Agnes Walsh and Mr. William Walsh, Jr., who are spending several weeks with relatives in Shenandoah, will return about September 1.

Mrs. M. R. Hicks, who spent last week with relatives at Blue Anchor, N. J., returned home on Saturday.

Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Kerrigan, of 3714 Cuthbert street, are in Bay Head, N. J., for two weeks.

Millbourne

Mrs. Anthony Meeley, of 33 Sellers ave-nue, Millbourne, has returned to her home after spending several weeks with relatives

Frankford

Mr. J. Charles Bodansky announces the marriage of his sister. Miss Lillian Bodan-sky, and Mr. William Edward Oberle on Friday, August 25. The ceremony was per-formed by the Rev. Von Russe in the Luth-

eran Church, Frankford.

Mr. and Mrs. Oberle will he at home at 1218 West Ontario street after October 1.

South Phildelphia

Mrs. Thomas F. McGowan and her fam-ly, of 2329 South Twelfth street, have gone o Wildwood, where they will occupy their apartment for the remainder of the sum

Miss Eva Harrison will spend this week in Atlantic City, where a beach party will be given in her honor on Wednesday eve-

Mr. and Mrs. Gottlob, with their sons, Mr. Leon Gottlob and Mr. Martin Gottlob, of 433 South street, have returned to their home, after a six-weeks stay in Atlantic

Lansdowne

Miss Catherine Oakes, of Waban, Mass., visiting Miss Fiorence M. Clarke, of tunnymede avenue, Lanadowne.

PI DELTA EPSILON MEMBERS ENTERTAIN

Summer Home in Ocean City Scene of Much Gayety Recently

Members of the Pi Delta Epsilon frater-

Members of the Pi Delta Epsilon fraternity entertained the following guests at a dinner, held last week at the summer home of the fraternity, 1432 Pleasure avenue. Ocean City, N. J.: Miss Naomi Bischoff, Miss May F. Taylor, Miss May C. Dothard, Miss Louiss E. Kurz, Miss Elizabeth Stedem and Miss Sarah Goff.

On Friday an automobile trip was made to the North Jerney resorts from Ocean City, the party visiting Asbury Park, Lakewood, Spring Lake, Deal, Sea Girt and Long Branch. Those making the trip included Miss May C. Dothard, Miss Naomi Bischoff, Mr. Walter K. Pesty, Mr. Read Rocap, Mr. Walter K. Pesty, Mr. Read Rocap, Mr. Walter K. Pesty, Mr. Read Rocap, Mr. Warren Hartman, Mr. J. Allen Carey and Mr. A. Russell McClelland. Visitors at the fraternity bouse during the week were Mr. J. Allen Carey, Mr. A. C. Webb and Mr. F. B. Kelly, the latter a Lafzyette College football star. Mr. Joseph E. Hoopes, a member of the fraternity, recently returned from Sait Lake City, and is now spending the remainder of his vaccition at Geean City.



CHAPTER XX-(Continued).

N THE beginning almost with the echo of the first blow, there had come the sound of many feet spinshing hurriedly over the sodden ground within the inclosure, together with shouts and demands for information. A voice warned us to desist, and I remember thinking that Greer's watchmen were acting out the roles he had written them, with rare artfulness.
Hard upon these came an interruption from outside.

I caught a stern and terse command of "Ere, now! Wot's up?" followed by a command to "Clear out, every man Jack of

There was authority in those tones.

turned, and saw a constable pelting across the street toward us, helmet shining, truncheon brandished over his head.

He came on with a rush, and fell without mercy upon the outer fringe of our men; I saw the truncheon strike out once or twice, and heard the sounds of its impact, followed by heart, and forcest again. twice, and heard the sounds of its impact, followed by hearty and fervent curses from the recipients. And then, abruptly, there was a little gust of laughter shaking the group. A fist, big and heavy, had shot out above the shoulders of the crowd and caught the bobby squarely on the chin. He went down likega log, knocked unconscious—as I afterward discovered.

Sevrance awang about with a cry of impatience, and just in time to see the denouement.

"Hush that laughing!" he ordered tensely, iding, "Gag that man, tie his hands, and adding, "Gag that man, t bring him along with us."

A voice responded heartily "Aye, aye, r!" And I could see that his directions were being carried out.

But I stared at Sevrance in whole-souled admiration. Here was a transformation for your consideration: a steady-going easy-living, able British barrister, the possessor of an assured income and sworn to uphold the laws of his land, abruptly transfigured into a lawbreaker as bold, as OF VISITORS TO SHORE

resourceful and as unscrupulous as any of our associate rapscallions.

He was admirably in earnest at that, and quite absorbed in the execution, the successful consummation of his project. I saw him throw a hasty glance to the farther side of the street, and, following his example, was aware that the patrons of the

public houses had been aroused by the From the doorway immediately opposite a nan emerged, turned, and called to those within. They came piling out with a will,

and the group raced over the cobbles toward It was this that Sevrance was observing. and without favor. and without favor.

"Keep together, men!" he cried, raising his voice. "Kick those fellows out of the way and stick close to me. Come. now, some of you put a shoulder to these gates!"

In response a dozen sprang forward and hurled themselves against the stout oaken ceedingly well on a day that was ideal for seashore enjoyment. With strong breezes direct from the ocean tempering the rays barrier. There was a crash, a chorus of shouts from within, and the mob of us surged through the opening, Sevrance and Callahan leading. clouds in the afternoon gave promise of a storm, but these soon blew over and noth-ing marred the enjoyment of counties thousands who were taking their last fling Truly, Greer's hope that the affair would seem the work of a rowdy band of thieves was being realized to the last degree. I caught myself thinking that never a more

streets of Barmouth than this which I was heading with Sevrance, my friend! heen satisfactorily settled, 2 o'clock now being the official time for opening on Sun-days. Screens in front of the amusement places instead of keeping people out acted as a lure in many instances and they did a larger business than if they had been en-The next instant, however, that happened which gave a new color to my thoughts. I heard a snapping report ahead of us, saw a flash of flame athwart the darkness, and felt the cold breath of a bullet that winged,

disorderly rabble had assembled in the

hissing, past my cheek.
"Good Lord!" I gasped, aghast, in
Sevrance's ear; "Greer has played us

inine bather was rigidly enforced yesterday and the same rule will be applied during the rest of this season. On Saturday many I got no reply and deserved none; for the truth of that observation was mo-mentarily becoming self-evident. We enof the regular bathers who had been taking their daily dip with the nether extremitles devoid of covering were notified that such costumes would not be permissible, and when they came for their morning bath they had obeyed the order. Sheer liste stockings, so gausy in texture that it took an expert to decide whether the limbs were ountered in the course of the next few-noments a sturdy and unyielding resistance from the yard watchmen.

To this day I believe that Greer's heart had failed him at the last moment; that he had concluded to let the affair take its course without further aid from him. Cercovered or bare were worn by many of these daily bathers, but in every case the fair devotees of aquatic sports raised their tainly, his instructions for submission, if actually issued to the watchmen, went totally disregarded. The men stood their voices against the men who had made them add something to their costume which they asserted would interfere with the pleasures ground nobly, according to their conception of their duty, and gave us battle without the least hesitation. But the fellows behind us were not of fied on Saturday came to the beach with short socks reaching half way to the knee and others with naught but high laced the sort to be deterred by such an obstacle, and, moreover, they outnumbered the watchmen six to one. They rushed upon

shoes on the lower limbs. Policemen quick-ly detected this infraction of the new law and ordered them off the beach. them, growling with rage, evidently without a thought of retreating before that show of Bathera, who had been violating the city ordinance by promenading the Boardwalk while attired in ocean costumes, were brusquely ordered to the beach by officers and informed that they would be arrested Fortunately, for the time being, they themselves were without arms; else. I fear, more than one of those worthy and loyal watchmen had been shot down that night. As it was, they put up a resistance stiff enough to cause a considerable delay, and were only overcome by force of numbers and at the cost of three of our men, who

for the second offense. So many complaints have been made about costumes ruined by contact with wet bathing suits that this order was popular with the majority of were slightly wounded in the welcoming fusillade. That obstacle disposed of, however, a clear path lay before us. As much could not now be said of the rear, for the loafers of the district were assembling and pour-Equal franchise received a big boom yesterday when the first gun of a vigorous campaign for congressional recognition was

ing into the yard in momentarily increas-ing numbers. By good chance the firing served to dismay them somewhat; they wha shrank from exposing themselves to a danger which did not, in the first place, concern them, and for a time loltered about the broken gate, either undecided as to what had best be done, or else waiting for a re-enforcement of the constabulary.

mind, who sat, expecting every moment to find myself floundering in the shallows. The fighting seemed to increase rather than to lessen; it began to appear as though we That came in time, too, and at a momen too early to be entirely agreeable to us of the attacking and invading party. We had no more than disposed of the watchmen alone were to suffer detention—perhaps a permanent one. I could see the other boats slipping by, black blurs against the more before I recognized the police whistles in the distance.

As the one who knew the lay of the land, my capacity was that of guide. I led by dead reckoning, most of the time entirely at a loss as to our whereabouts, but blundering on somehow in an approximately accurate course for the river's edge. In this I may have been aided, in a slight dethis I may have been aided, in a sight de-gree, by a fairly good and instinctive bump of location. At any rate, I made a pretty fair cast for the spot whence Greer and I had surveyed the Clymene-found, without a delay positively damning, the ship in whose lee we had atood the previous morn-ing. From there the outlines of the Cly-

mene, which might be mistaken for no other craft by reason of her peculiar build, were vaguely discernible, and we were further assisted in locating her by the rid-But, as to the boats?

Too late I realized that I had forgotten to make Greer point out the exact spot whence we were to embark. I'll confess that I began to entertain a pretty poor opinion of my own executive abilities, and, indeed, I had not the spirit nor the face to resent Sevrance's scathing criticism when I hastily explained to him the true state of affairs. It seemed for the moment as though we had cast the fat into the fire without taking ordinary common-sense presentions.

cautions against burning our fingers; we had come thus far only to be balked by my stupidity.

Fortunately, I remembered that Greer had vaguely indicated the process. vaguely indicated the position of the boats as "some distance upstream." I quoted this to Sevrance. Callahan, who had joined our hasy council of war, overheard, and slipped off into the darkness.

From the outer, landward section of the shipyard now came a terrific clamor. We gathered from the din that a considerable force of constabulary had arrived upon the scene, and that an intelligently organized hue and cry was being raised.

Our men clustered about us, grumbling. I found time to note that some few had been drinking rather heavily; but I was mewhat reassured by the fact that the majority seemed clear of head, sober and ready; their morale was like to steady the befuddled ones.

Sevrance turned to them, briefly outlining the situation. I was grateful to him for sparing me; he said that we had missed the boats, through no fault of any one concerned. Slight patience would be reuired, then all would doubtless be well n the meantime he gave directions for the equestering temporarily of the unconscious onstable in a nearby tolshed. any others came to bother us," he ordered

"give them a dose of the same, boys."

At the moment of his peroration Callahan reappeared. "Tis meself." he announced, "that has found 'em, sor. If ye'll be good enough t' sthep this way, gintlemin-

We were good enough to follow him, you nay be sure.

We slipped out of the il umination furnished by the nearby electric lumination furnished by the nearby electric arc, and shambled on through mud ankle deep, in total darkness—a compact body of men, and silent. I lost reckoning there, even as I lost touch with Sevrance. Our crowd was close about me, and I surrendered myself to their guidance, content to follow the general direction. After several minutes, enlivened by a momentarily increasing racket of pursuit, we came to the water's edge. There we came upon a number of small boats, some apparently the water's edge. There we came upon a number of small boats, some apparently seaworthy, many worthless, according to the statements of those around us.

Without more ado, however, and as cir-cumspectly as possible, we got into them— six to ten to a boat. Callahan's voice was to be heard, indicating an adjacent boat-house as the spot where oars were ob-tainable. Several dozen were apparently brought out and thrown upon the ground for selection, with a clatter that brought Finally, however, something like order was resolved out of that chaos. I heard Sev-rance calling to me, evidently from a boat at some distance upstream, and I answered. reassuring him as to my safety.

A mob of men charged across a lighted space some distance inland, with a chorus of yells, apprising us that we were dis-covered. Callahan, in the boat next mine, raised a shout to push off. There were some seconds of furious splashings, varied with profanity and the bumping and scrap-ing of boats; the darkness held about us intense and unrelleved.

Abruptly I was aware that the boat in whose stern I sat was affoat. I fancy it

Hardly had the men found the oars and

RAINBOW CLUB

lessly, trusting to the moral effect. It proved a success most complete and gratifying. Witnout pause, I pulled the trig-ger until the six chambers of the cylinder

It swayed and rocked perllously, to my

dense blackness of the river's surface, their occupants encouraging us with shouts and advice—mostly unintelligible.

From ashore there came a pistol shot. Its

flash seemed to enlighten the whole situa-

don. I drew my own weapon, stood up between the thwarts, and opened fire alm-

were empty. Some one shricked, "My God I'm murdered!" and there was a furlous splashing as his fellows sprang back, fighting with one another to be the first to escape from harm's way. In an instant our oars were released. Somebody stuck an oar into the mud of the river's ted and shoved off quickly. Others poised their oars, awaiting a gen-eral signal to give way. The boat swung off into deeper waters as we scrambled for

our seats. Presently it ceased rocking; we were all in place. I took upon myself the duties of coxswain—little as I knew them, and raising my voice in an interval of quiet, shouted: "Give way!" There was more confusion before the mer

Inere was Fore confusion before the men inally got the stroke; then they pulled with a vengeance. We shot out into the murky obscurity of the river's farther reaches; I groped for the tiller ropes, found them, and, after two or three miserable blunders, got ome of the hang of the business and man aged to steer a tolerably straight course in the wake of the other boats. Gradually the din and clamor ashore tilled. I gathered that the constables were

manning a boil to set off after us, but be-fore they had actually settled down to the work of rowing, I fancy, we were floating at the gangway of the Clymene—the last of our boats, even as I myself was the last man to board the yacht. As I did to, the fellow who had been

holding the boat in position with a hook, let it slide. It slipped off into the darkness and he sprang on up the ladder. I followed more leisurely, though intensely excited. Sevrance greeted me with a silent, reas-

suring handclasp at the top of the gang-way, and immediately that I had set foot on deck, a number of men sprang to unship the ladder. I stood aside-Sevrance having tone about his duties—and watched them working away in complete darkness, but with intelligence and spirit.

It seemed remarkable to me-the genius for organization which my friend had dis-played in putting through this affair. Every man seemed to know his place and business. in later talks with Sevrance I have learned of the infinite care with sevrance I have learned of the infinite care with which he chose his crew, and how painstakingly the details were plotted cut, to each man being assigned his place and duties which he was to begin to fill and perform the moment he got aboard.

But at the time, as I say, it seemed quite marvelous to me—to stand there, idle as I had to be for the time, and watch those mute, shadowy forms springing about the decks and preparing all for a long and perilous voyage—as we had to imagine it in prospect, to whom the gift of second sight was denied.

(CONTINUED TOMORROW.)

J. A. McMahon Buys Warehouse The four-story warehouse 131-133 North Water street, lot 34 feet 2 inches by 86 feet, has been sold by Alfred H. Lippincott o Joseph A. McMahon for a price not disclosed, subject to a mortgage of \$23,000. The assessed valuation is \$22,000.

SUNDAY SHOWS WRATH WHEN PART OF THRONG LEAVES AS HE SPEAKS

Evangelist at Ocean Grove Says There was scuffling about the bows; it was too dark for me to ascertain precisely what was going on, but I surmised that some more audacious ones had selved the oars and the side of the boat. He's Tired and Will Abandon Meetings Unless Practice Stops

DILATORY DEACONS HIT

ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 28. ASBURY PARK, N. J., Aug. 28.—Camp-meeting attendance records at the Ocean Grove Auditorium that had stood for 30 years and more were amashed yesterday during the three meetings addressed by "Billy" Sunday. More than thirty thousand persons heard the evangelist at the morn-ing, afternoon and evening services. The religious enthusiasm was the greatest ever manifested during a camp-meeting in Ocean

Innovations were introduced by Mr. Sunday that in any other person would have been regarded by the Methodists as highly undignified, but no protesting voice was heard. The atmosphere was close in the big structure, and Sunday in the heat of his arguments against the devil threw off his arguments against the devil three off his coat ad talked in his shirt sleeves, soaking wet with persiration. Staid old in nisters gasped at the spectacle and a ripple of suppressed surprise spread through the structure. The popular belief that it is undignified and wrong to applaud at a religious meeting on the Sabbath also was dispelled, for the audience frequently broke out in enthusiastic handclapping.

Today the evangelist explained why he had voiced no oponsition to the practice

Today the evangelist explained why he had voiced no opopaliton to the practice of many in his audience on Saturday of shouting "amen" and "halielujah" during the sermon. "If you are an 'amen' Christian," he said, "shout it out, but don't shout it any louder than you live it; and if you talk about your neighbors keep your mouth shut." mouth shut." 515 HIT TRAIL.

Trail-hitters were called for at all three of the meetings and a total of 515 persons responded, 305 at the morning meet-

ing, 42 at the afternoon service and 135 at night. When the call first came at the morning meeting those who wished to proess conversion were slow to respond. Then Felix Letts, of Brooklyn, a gray-haired man, advanced to the platform and others quickly followed. At the evening service Sunday caused general surprise by leaping to the top of the pulpit at the front of the platform and delivering his appeal while standing astride the Hible.

standing astride the Bible.

Sunday's sermon last night was based on the Ten Commandments. "The man or woman who does not live with the Ten Commandments ought to be in the penitentlary," was his introductory remark. "Some of you make money your god," he said, "and pray to a \$100 bill before going to bed. You are making money in bucketfuls, but going to hell in carlotz. God pity the man who has nothing but money." HONOR PARENTS.

He emphasized the commandment upon honoring parents and delivered this shot at the young women who look down upon their mothers, "Take it from me, sissy, she was once as good-looking as you are."
He drew an eloquent picture of the sao-rifices parents make for children, and there were many tear-dimmed eyes in the audi-ence. On the subject of stealing he waxed sarcastic. "So many steal thousands now-adays," he asserted, "and get off with light sentences, when others steal hundreds and are sent to the penitentiary, that many be-lieve the commandment should be changed to read. Thou shalt not steal on a small scale." scale."

Covetousness was also richly scored with Invectives. "Don't covet your neighbor's ilmousine" was the modern way in which he put the commandment. "If he has a Packard and you a tin Lizzie, forget it."

The peculiar custom of Ocean Grove audiences of getting up and leaving the building while services are being conducted evidently annoyed Mr. Sunday. He declared with some heat that he would not stand for the practice. "I am too tired," he declared. "and I'll pack my trunk and go home if it continues."



MAD AT WHAT? Dear Children-I want to draw a word picture for you and ask you a few questions.

Out in the garden is a little boy with a wagon. Close your eyes and see if you can picture the little boy and his wagon, Having the picture thus far, I want to tell you that the little boy is very

angry at the wagon. Perhaps I should say the little boy is ANGRY and not say he is very angry at the wagon. Let us see.

It is not.

fired at a meeting on the Steel Pier.

MISS FLORENCE MILLER

MR. CLARENCE GREGORY

DRAWS USUAL SWARM

Crowd Thought Larger Than

Corresponding Day Last Year,

Although Quarantine Keeps

Many Children Away

FINE WEATHER ENJOYED

ATLANTIC CITY, Aug. 28 .- The last

Sunday in August kept up this city's rec-

ord for forging ahead this year as the

crowds here yesterday were undoubtedly

greater than the corresponding day last year. There was a slight falling off in the number of one-day excursionists, the health

restrictions keeping juveniles at home, but

the spending capacity of adults being that much greater, all lines of business, with the

possible exception of certain amusements appealing strongly to children, fared ex-

of the sun, promenading was a delight and bathing was enjoyed by every one. A few

The amusement question seems to have

tirely open to the view of the passers-by.

The suppression of the bare-legged fem

of the regular bathers who had been taking

A few who had not been noti

FARMER SMITH'S

of a bath.

at this city's pleasures for the year.

LAST AUGUST SUNDAY

The two front wheels of the wagon are so twisted that they will not straighten out. It appears to me that the little boy is mad at the wagon because it will not run-will not straighten out. Is the wagon mad?

Poor wagon! It is a dumb thing and does not care whether it goes or stands still. It is a dear, patient, kind sort of wagon, doing the little tasks put upon it, but it cannot THINK.

The little boy CAN think. I ask you this: Do you suppose the MAD, the angry feeling was in the little boy waiting to come out? Do you suppose the wagon getting all twisted was an excuse? Do you suppose the little boy would have been angry at a wheelbarrow, a cat, a dog, a rubber ball or his mother, if they had done something he did not like at that particular time?

Let us go back to our picture. The little boy has a wagon and he is mad Who cares? The little boy. The wagon may be laughing at him. I never heard of a wagon laughing, but strange things happen.

Now, I ask you, what do you get mad at? FARMER SMITH, Children's Editor.

Florence and Ted true story by EVERADA GRAY, Cynnyd. 8 years. (Written entirely without assistan-and printed as exactly as written.)

Florence gets up at halfpast 5 and does all of the work around the house, when time for Ted to get up it is time for breakfast. Then Ted asks if he can go over to Greens and his mother says yes and Ted hops on his wheel and rode over to Greens, and then when Ted comes home at noon its 12 o'clock and then forence ted and mother have lunch and then ted goes down to the gardens and pick his mother a bunch of flowers and then went home and then his mother said thank you for the flowers and then flowers and that every morning and ted was just in time for breakfust.

Honor Roll Contest The prizes for the best answers to "Things to Know and Do" for the week ending August 19 were won by the follow-

Ruth Martin, Danville, Pa., \$1.

Antonio di Santi, Carpenter street, 50 Eugene Gettell, Columbia avenue, 25 Celia Berlin, North Franklin street, 25 Lillian Libble, Ogden, N. J., 25 cents. Marion Rickards, East Moyamensing ave-

Things to Know and Do drum-What is the oldest MISTER JAY BIRD'S SNEEZE

By Farmer Smith

"Look out!" Mister Elephant looked up, and right above him he saw Mister Jay Bird. "What am I to look out for?" asked Mister Elephant. "You troublemaker!" "I am going to sneeze," replied Mister Jay Bird. "It is bad luck to get in the way when a Jay Bird sneezes. Do you hear?" "How kind you are! Ahem! Ahem! Wait until I get away before you sneeze. Pray, shall I go a mile or two miles? How far does a Jay Bird's sneeze go?"

"Get behind a tree and I will count one, two, three! Then I will sneeze, see?"

Mister Elephant flopped his ears and wiggled his tall. Then he squinted up at Mister Jay Bird. "Are you ready?" he asked.

asked.

"Ready for what?" asked the bird.

"Ready for me to get behind the tree, ready to sneeze. Do you have to catch cold before you sneeze?"

"Well. wei!" replied Mister Jay Bird.

"You know everything—you should—"

"Who said I knew everything?" began the big fellow "I don't know everything, and I know that I don't know everything. You think you know everything and—"One. two." went Mister Jay Bird.

"One two." went Mister Jay Bird. The sky it was half an hour later when he sailed back to earth.

"What did you sneeze for when I counted one, two?" asked Mr. Jay Bird, trying to smooth down his feathers. "I was the one who was to sneeze."

smooth down his feathers. "I was the one who was to sneeze."

"You don't tell me!" exclaimed Mr. Elephant "It was funny, wasn't it? Next time let me count."

"You had better sneeze with somebody your own SIZE." replied Mr. Jay Bird, as your own SIZ he flew away.

FARMER SMITH.

I wish to become a member of your Rainbow Club. Please send me a Rainbow Club. Please send ms a beautiful Rainbow Button free. I agree to DO A LITTLE KINDNESS EACH AND EVERY DAY, SPREAD A LITTLE SUNSHINE ALL ALONG THE WAY.

Name Address Age